Sold Her Soul for Daughter's Sake

MADAME MARGOT. By John Bennett.

HE theme of a man who sells his soul to the devil to achieve a definite desire is by no means new in literature. In this particular instance, however, it is a woman who forfeits her birthright, and she does it in order that her daughter might remain pure and free of her inheritance. It is said that the story was founded on a still related legend of old Charleston, S. C.

JADE. By Hugh Wiley. Alfred A. and when he heard of the boy's death Knopf.

LADY LUCK. By Hugh Wiley. Alfred A. and when he heard of the boy's death he fed the Senhor to some very ferocious snapping turtles. Could anything be more gruesome? Like his remain pure and free of her in-

Mr. Bennett works out his grotesque tale with a lavishness of pigment which is, in the main, very effective. At times, however, his excessive use of adjectives adds not horror to the story, as was undoubtedly intended, but merely increases the self-con-sciousness of the reader. The following will give an idea of the colorful background for this all-in-all delightbackgro ful tale:

"The languid, lovely, tired old town was then a city brave and gay, with however, in depicting the comedy of Mediterranean manners and Carib- Afro-American life. He takes up the bean ways.

perfume of 10,000 flowers went over a thousand gardens, ebbing and flowing like the tide. . . .

"It was a golden age, when all for him the symbol of luck. things were fair; nothing had grown Hence there is a nice, old; even the tragic and the terrible highly ingenious murder in nearly were comely then. Wonder lay on every one of his stories. In the first everything. Merely to exist was to be happy. It was a world of unextinguished youth; life was brimful to the author's second story. Ming Sam Tai lips with delight."

When Ex-Crook Meets Crook

So in this mood we looked through our bookcase and chose Mr. Vance's new book-and it was a good choice. No one could wish for more intense excitement from printed pages. No one could hope for a more carefully hidden plot and unexpected experi-ences. We shuddered when Albert Dupont endeavored to eliminate each character that intruded into his plans by the simple expedient of a handkerchief about the throat. And then something creaked in the other room, and startled, we dropped the book. only to become reassured that we were in no personal danger, but in a perfectly safe apartment; and back we would go to Michael Lanyard again and with bated breath endeavor to push him forward in his search for the missing jewels.

British Secret Service, and before that he had been a very capable crook, and he knew how to recover stolen property from two angles. You know how you feel at the Horse Show when the horses are jumping. You just hold your breath and help them over, sighwith rellef when they are over and catching your breath again as they are about to take the next hur-Well, so exciting, and so good, and so clever is this book that it held us breathless and—yes, you people who think every story should have a love scene or two in its pages—there is love in this story, but not the sen-timental twaddle of a sentimental writer and sentimental characters; for Michael Lanyard is a big man and Mr. Vance makes him live up to his repu-

"Twas Some Days After Christmas---

THE BOY SCOUTS YEAR BOOK. Edited by Franklin K. Mathlews. Pub-lished for the Boy Scouts of America by D. Appleton & Co.

F course the Christmas spirit is just wearing off and the paint is still on little Willie's fire engine even though the wheels are broken, and Tommy has a kick com-It occurs to us to toss off the observation on "Fir-flower Tablets." Amy the racer type, and Hattie seems to be quite put out because the ribbon on her hat is red and not lavender, which is her favorite color. Father also seems to be in a "put-out" mood for Maxwell has the long wanted drum which Santa thoughtlessly left because she is tired after the hustle and bustle before Christmas Day dawned. The only cheerful member of the family is brother Frank. There you find him lying prone upon the parlor rug, head propped up by his cupped hands in Lincoln fashion. He

than "The Boy Scouts Year Book," I have no quarrel with Mr. Wiley's po-which is edited by Frank K. Mathiews, litical beliefs, but I do object to seeing hand the Boy scouls year 1906, which is edited by Frank K. Mathleeliefs, but I do object to seeing them dragged into a novel (especially a good one) by the hair of the head, one of his other presents—even to the story and leave octent of forgetting his new Scout thinffe. So far he has read some very good storles: "You Tell Em Tenderfoot," by Brewer Corcoran; "Chimney Gold," by J. Alian Dunn, and lots a who "gave him an argument" in the other interesting yarns. He has also been on "A Bird Hike with Dan Bearter show." A few of these dragged-in political and has found in "What Boys Can Make" many interesting things the one wonders whether he is a discontant he is going to try to make. On the whole Frank finds a lot in this bound to hold his interest for many days to come, and if you take his word for it 'II's a corker!"

High Wiley's political pokes in the dragged into a novel (especially which is elegically the do object to seeing them dragged into a novel (especially a do one) by the hair of the head, the had one by the base and sucklings.

On the young realists: Out of the other of the seeking sucklings.

On the young realists: Out of the out of the sack length of some of the war."

On will Irwin's "The Next War".

It a word of the basic of swelling to seeing them dragged into a novel (especially a do one) by the hair of the head, the had one by the see in the story for chronological reasons, but as many finent, round the story. On the trip West on only the follow Pass.

On the young realists: Out of the sucklings.

On the young realists: Out of the sucklings.

On the young realists: Out of the wind reasons but as many finent, round to few the follow Pass.

On the trip West of the trip. On the trip west of which a pass of the trip west of the trip west of the pass of the trip. On the trip west of the trip west of the pass of the trip. On the trip west of the pass of the



REVIEWS OF NEW FICTION



His latest books deal with the Mongolian and the Ethiopian. He is thrilled by the mystery of our yellow brother. However, his view is rather for the increase of price. The waiter conventional. He believes in the oft quoted lines:

conventional. He believes in the oft quoted lines:

de Democrats ain't." In this chapter

For ways that are dark, Take the heathen Chinee.

Mr. Wiley is at his polychrome best, civilian adventures of Vitus Mahsden, drifted upon the winds, which came and Battalion. Mahsden is a firm believer in two patrons, Lady Luck and Capt. Jack. His mascot, Lily the Goat, is

Hence there is a nice, juicy and with the aid of an actor kills Senator King for desecrating his father's grave in search of gold. Perhaps the best story is the one called "Junk." Hong Chong was a red headed Chinaman, and his family cast him off because they thought he brought them ill fortune. In his despair a big turtle appeared to him in a dream. It gave ALIAS THE LOND WOLF. By Louis
Joseph Vance. Doubleday, Page & Co.

HAT night we were tired—tired despair. Shortly after waking he HAT night we were tired—tired mentally of the sort of book which makes the already overworked mind work just a little harder and longer instead of offering a story which will take the reader out of herself and place her in a world where she can find it impossible to think of anything else while the book in her hands. So in this mood we looked through our bookease and chose Mr. Vance's new book—and it was a good chose mr. V

UGH WILEY has taken the darker races for his province.



cat" Hugh Wiley in a character-istic pose.

the Wildcat says, "De officials crave to

'member de wah. Us 'listed boys craves to fo'get it." The Wildcat is satisfied to live he was caught selling opium. On the day that the boy went to prison Hong Chong Lee kidnaped the Portuguese. Summer that they defy brief repetition.

The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY. FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

"Then followed a good feed with roast goose and cakes." 'Send me some eggs and sugar." "She gave me a cup of chocolate."

'We had the usual Martinmas goose for dinner." "We had some fine pumpernickel bread." "They have the most excellent food."

We never worked so hard in our lives as we did helping him find the jewels, and there was no need of our "I prefer a stew to roast beef," &c., &c.

"I am very well satisfied with my lood . . . aniseed biscuits." "I prefer a stew to roast beef," &c., &c. From "Selected Letters of Friedrich Nietzsche," edited by Oscar Levy (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

> "Minds are not ever craving for their food," George Crabbe observed long years ago, And though the feedbag he may not have wooed. Of Nietzsche this was hardly so. Old Friedrich-(bless his glorious appetite!)-Believed in punishing the chow.

He ate one meal a day (from morn till night) And only stopped to mop his brow.

Cheeses-Camembert, Roquefort, cream or Swiss-He polished off with unexampled zest, Attaining to a state of perfect bliss, And crowding buttons off his vest. Bologna, strudel, pudding, fish-he'd take And down em with no sign of fag. This prince of Deutschland's Grub Street (make No faces, that's a harmless gag).

And soup, if I remember rightly, he Approved of (he enjoyed it hot); He lapped it with the frankest kind of glee And then went in and licked the pot. Celery, barley, oxtail, pea-he packed 'Em in with joy, nor placed a ban Upon the simpler consomme-in fact, He was a perfect souperman!

It occurs to us to toss off the obser- | "Lady Luck" are so good natured that lated them back into Chinese.

proper atmosphere.

is deeply lost to his surroundings and is at this time camping or hiking over again some of those pleasures which were afforded him last summer at camp with his Scout troop.

The book before him is none other than "The Boy Scouts Veer Deep". When a surroundings and in the matter that prompts are to with me in the matter that prompts are the will agree when an author puts as much into a book as Norris has put into "Brass" the best thing a bard can do is to keep away Luck" is marred by the author's childish balting of the Democrats.

If we ever meet Charles G. Norris We are thinking of writing a novel of English life. We don't know anything about English life, but—(and haven't others done it?)—a liberal sprinkling of "Rerb," "ginger beer," "pyjamas" and "tyre" will create the proper atmosphere.

If we ever meet: Charles G. Norris we're going to cuss him out. His novel "Brass" contains so many fine things that it is almost impossible to write a short rhymed review of it. Our first attempt resulted in 14 stanzas and when we examined stanza No. 14 we discovered that we had only covered that the proper stronger in the first 120 pages of the book. the first 120 pages of the book.

POINTLESS POLITICAL POKES. Some day we intend to try again—
(we want a six stanza review)—but

BIBLICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The voice is Robert Service's voice but the hands are the hands of Kip-

Frederick O'Brien: I have been a

stranger in a strange land.

Dorothy Canfield (whose latest book s in its ninth edition): My "Brimming Cup" runneth over.
Frank Wilstach: I have multiplied

isions and used similes. A. E. Housman: Let the words be

vision the people perish.
On certain modern essayists: Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. On Joseph Conrad and William Mc-

Fee: Deep calleth unto deep.
On "Pollyanna": Sweeter also than
honey and the honeycomb. Henry Arthur Jones to H. G. Wells: Let there be no strife, I pray thee, be-

Let there be no stript, I pray thee, between thee and me.

George Jean Nathan to H. L.
Mencken: Whither thou goest, I will lodge; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

She Found Solace In Writing a Play

ROMANCE TO THE RESCUE. Denis McKail. Houghton Mifflin C pany.

Denis McKail has shown an unusual skins—wolves that punish malefactors, facility in hitting the high spots. His killing but never eating them. In this story deals with the theatric world of there is a dramatic rightness which takes place in a dream, but not the London. Actors have always been gives an effect of realism to the unnoted for their foibles, and this is especially true nowadays, when the artistic temperament and modern business This is quite different from the first, as methods mingle to produce a world of its charm lies in the artistic coloring, their own. In London theatre tickets were controlled by a firm one of whose must be analyzed closely: the first, as a sentence from Balzac's "Louis Lambert," "There is no time in the subconscious life." were controlled by a firm one of whose partners had never been inside the theatre because he was a Noncon-

Leo Cartwright, the star at the Thespian, was almost as kingly as Garrick. He had separated from his wife because his infidelity repelled her. During her loneliness she solaced herself by writing a play. It served its pur-pose of occupying her mind, and she forgot about it for many years. Then the whim seized her to submit it. She tried to sell it through an agency. Her nom-de-plume was David Lawrence. The name had no conscious meaning to her, but Lawrence was the name of one of her former sweethearts. It so happens that there was a young

man by the name of David Lawrence, the son of this old suitor. He was at Oxford and happened to meet Mrs. Cartwright on his vacation. He fell in love with her in a boyish way, and dramatically told her that he would serve her in any way. When Mrs. Cartwright's play was accepted by her husband she asked him to pose as the

HERE are people who are unfiction, and they will welcome "The Frincess Salome," for the author has to follow 'em most of the way.

Now Tom had a brother who was

Judas, Maccabeus and Nero do not



Wiley's Black and Yellow Men | the tight fiction; and there was light | Blackwood, Sportsman-Mystic

THE WOLVES OF GOD AND OTHER FEY STORIES. By Algerron Blackwood and Wifred Wilson. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Algernon Blackwood.

must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skilfully blended that they are

drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were com-ing out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of the wavering the stories of unbelievable wilderness with Blackwood beauty. The effect of thousands upon

ton & Co.

These are stories of unique value. They demonstrate the versatile genius of Algernon Blackwood. Some are fearsome, others refreshing and charming; but all of them are written upon metaphysical or the grant of them are written upon metaphysical or the grant of them are written upon metaphysical or the grant of them are written upon metaphysical or the grant of the grant themes. For instance, "The Wolves of Advice to novellsts: Be not Wrightond H. G. Wells: Where there is no ission the people perish.

The word are written upon metaphysical themes. For instance, "The Wolves of Cod" is weird to an intense degree. It seemed too exquisite to belong to earth, this fairy garden of stars and blossoms, shining it is a story in which there is supposed to be a pack of spirit wolves—a sacred pack—held in awe by the Redown of the quiet surface. It seemed too exquisite to belong to earth, this fairy faintly in the crystal depths, and my consistent the people perish. opened into former days. I remem-bered Shan-Yu's present, given to me when he died. His very words came back to me: The Garden of Happi-ness in the Valley of the Thousand Temples, with its promise of love, of seven years of happiness, and the prophecy that I should follow his body toward the Sunrise and meet my destiny." One does not quite grasp its full beauty—so with the end of the story the reader is left in doubt as to

its ethical teaching. "Running Wolf" is a story of the Canadian wilds, and, by the way, the character in this story might have been Blackwood himself, since it is a rugged type of man, one who not only loves nature in a mystical sense but

as a sportsman.

"First Hate" is a psychic story; "The Valley of the Beasts" is on a hunting theme. "The Call" is a sketch of spirit materialization, where the spirit body of a man who is still alive 's seen walking in a garden; a story built upon the metaphysical theory that there are two bodies, the physical and the spiritual, the spiritual being active in this life as well as in the other.

"Egyptian Sorcery" tells of a man whose astral body enters the body of some one at a great distance and through its magnetic power brings the dying personality back to life. This takes place in a dream, but not the arc annihilated.
"The Man Who Found Out" recalls

"The Lane That Ran East and West" is charming, quaint and old fashioned. "Vengeance Is Mine" is Here is one of the typical pictures a war sketch wherein the supernatural is powerfully expressed, suggesting certain stories of Edgar Allan Poe.

VIVIAN RADCLIFFE.

More Crops Than Crime

thought of it-cause there's hundreds before the screen claimed her: of Fords make the trip and contain people you'd of thought could have afforded to stay home better an' live million six hundred thousand, and the million six hundred thousand, and the

a lot of trouble.' Do you get me?" able to appreciate history extent cept when it is diluted with cept when it is diluted with cept when it is diluted with chauffeur, even if he was under a chauffeur and so were chauffeur a

Russians who glory in Wall street bomb explosions, and Tom was coming a ticket, that's all—just go buy a ticket!'" said one of the character's more than was good for the boy, for he was a fine lad, according to Jim Smith and his wife—Miss La Tour. He knew the conditions of the country as the New York is the spoiled Rich Man's daughter. She's a try as the New York is the beauty and she has got a special continues. under his influence a little too muchtry as the New York newspapers flared it out to him. Now Karl Westman had said that the New York newspapers were not in good radical standing but distinctly on the other side of the radicals. And here Miss La Tour tells us:

beauty, and she has got everything in the world she wants, including foreign company with fancy names and high brow ideas. But she sometimes forested it's Poppa and Momma who gives her most of what she's got, and that their name is Mr. and Mrs. West. I

side of the radicals. And here Miss
La Tour tells us:

"And yet out of eight headlines across the front page here is what I read: 1. Coal Strikers Refuse to Arbitrate. 2. Dockmen Declare War to Finish. 3. Thirty-four Robberles, Three Murders, Ten Holdups, Two Shootings City Record Last Week. 4. Riots in Belfast, Ten Killed. 5. Mrs. MacSwiney Greeted With Cheers. And if that isn't giving all the news space that isn't giving all the news space and the money you've saved for a while while while work. that isn't giving all the news space to the Reds what is? I went wild when I read them, and commenced searching through the inside pages for something pleasant, and way down under the theatrical ads I found a little piece one-tenth of a column long which says, Biggest Crops Since 1915 The West That Was

where improvements and good fellowputnam. George H. Doran Company.

Putnam. George H. Doran Company.

O you want to go West—on a
trip—in you're automobile?

Well, don't start off thinkin'
you're the only person ever even
fell in

thought of it—'reques there's hundreds

husband she asked him to pose as the author. As he had never read the play he was put in a painfully embarrassing position. However, he rose to the occasion.

Saints and Sinners

Thoroughly Mixed

The Princess salome. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippingett Company.

Afforded to stay home better an' live the life of the rich and unusual people rest of them are a little above the such as Mary Gilligan Smith—Mrs. James Smith in private life—and Marie La Tour—the famous Miss La Tour on the screen!

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White. TORTOISE—By D. H. Lawrence. Seltzer.

Tour on the screen!

Wath and read thousand, and the white whole idea of America is what some smart young stage manager who has never been west of Hoboken has put before them on the stage, and shouted himself hoarse for the girls to put a little pep into it. And even I personally myself used to be half convinced that Indians was mostly blond chickens with feathers on their heads and very live white.

The Princess salome. By Burris A little education can start a hell of a lot of trouble.' Do you get me?" And we got her! Got her good and plenty before she left New York on that ride to the movie haven in sunny

> 'What's the use in me trying to a radical, one of those hard talking Russians who glory in Wall street tell you about this country—' (the

to California-via the southern route!

official stupidity hopeless. Charles Livingstone Bull furnishes drawings which are sym-pathetic picturs of the hunted life which is so rapidly disappearing. Mr. Evarts closes his book with a

symbolic passage:
"Tetom was very old, and he stood now with drooping head. An ancient buffalo bull had left the herd and drifted down to the flat. A buck ante-

drifted down to the flat. A buck ante-lope fed near the bison as if aware that they were kindred spirits. The largest bull elk on the feeding ground stood apart from the rest. His knees were sprung and the weight of his massive antiers bowed his head. For a week he had stood almost in the same spot. Woodson knew what that

the shoulder of an adjacent ridge.
"Here we are, Tetom," Old Mari said. "All the old he ones of yesterday gathered for a final rally. It's sunset for us old timers. We're just a whisper of the past, fossils of the old days that are gone."

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author.

OF ALL THINGS!

Robert Benchley DRAMATIC EDITOR OF "LIFE"



Stephen Leacock says:

**H 15 work seems to me to repre-sent the most typical and the best American humor. I will go further and say that the appear-ance of Benchley's first book is an event in the history of literature not equalled since Milton produced his Paradise Lost. More than that I will go so far as to say that if Shakespeare had only been alive he would have recognized in Bob Bench-ley a friend and an equal."

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